

Pam.  
Near E. Rel.

Yurkey

THE STORY  
OF  
A NATION'S MARTYRDOM.





THE PRINCE OF PEACE:— "It drips with blood !  
The blood of those who have died on My Cross;  
and who have drank of My Cup of affliction."



FATHER & SON:- "We thank you, Abd-ul!  
You are the best Ambassador in Constantinople  
that we have ever had; and we see nothing to  
destroy our confidence in your *bonne volonté*  
as we feel sure you are doing your best  
with those cussed Armenians. Bah! they  
ought to be exterminated en masse. We have no  
use for them."



## THE MIGHTIEST MILITARY KING

IN EUROPE :- "Abd-ul my beloved friend! let us ratify a pact. Give me my railway and keep all the massacres you want. It is true there are some crackbrains who designate you "Great Assassin", "Sultan Rouge", "Abd-ul the Damned" and what not, but do not let these literary effusions disturb you, the Pen is powerless unless backed by the Might of the Sword, and -

I HAVE MY ARMY."



**THE LAST PRAYER :-** "Oh God! they have desolated my plains and laid my high places low.  
They have slaughtered my sons and my daughters and consumed them with fire and sword,  
, and now they would destroy the remnant of my children that is left."



